

BOMB EXPLODED IN BEDROOM; TWO BURIED IN DEBRIS

Black Hand Makes Second Attempt on Lives of Modonia and His Family.

HIS HOME IS WRECKED.

All Marvellously Escape—Revenge for Giving Information to Police the Motive.

A second attempt within six weeks to blow up Giovanni Modonia, a wealthy grocer and spaghetti manufacturer, of No. 236 Elizabeth street and his wife and four children, failed at 3.30 A. M. to-day, but that part of the building in which they were sleeping was completely wrecked and Modonia and his twenty-year-old son Salvatore, had to be dug out of the debris.

That he and his family escaped death is regarded by the police as little short of a miracle. Modonia, who is fifty-five years old and very religious, declared it was Saint Rocco to whom he owed his life.

Modonia and his wife were buried under a great heap of plaster and other wreckage, but escaped without a scratch. The bomb, a powerful one evidently timed to the minute, was placed in the very room in which the grocer and his son slept. The explosion carried away two partitions, ripped a big hole in the floor, blew out all the windows in the building, broke the gas and water pipes and literally wrecked the first floor of the building as completely as if it had been struck by an earthquake.

The force of the explosion was felt for blocks, and in five minutes 1,500 persons were out in the street and rescuers had to be called to restore order.

The first attempt to blow up Modonia and his family was on May 21, when a bomb was set off directly in front of the door leading to his room. He and his wife and children were all buried under the debris at that time. Modonia's right leg was badly injured, but the members of his family were unhurt.

REVENGE, NOT CRIME, THE MOTIVE FOR MONEY.

Back of the two explosions is the indelible print of the Black Hand. Modonia admitted today that he had received numerous letters from the Black Hand. Singularly enough, however, they were not demands for money, but threats against his life and the lives of his family. The whole trouble dates back to Oct. 19, 1906, when there was a bomb explosion at No. 7-11 Prince street. It was reported at the time that the police obtained certain information from Giovanni Lombardi, a nephew of Modonia, that he had been to the trail of the Black Hand.

Soon after that Lombardi was shot from ambush while passing the Prince street house one night. He died, later in St. Vincent's Hospital. Then Modonia began to receive letters, telling him that he and every member of his family would meet with the same fate as his nephew. It was made plain that the Black Handers believed Modonia had something to do with furnishing information to the police.

The perpetrators of the explosion today took great pains to place the bomb where it seemed there would not be the slightest chance of Modonia and his son escaping. His wife and three daughters were sleeping on the floor above, and they, too, had an almost miraculous escape from death.

As near as the police were able to find, one of the windows in Modonia's room was left open, and it is supposed some one climbed through and slipped the bomb into the grocer's room.

A Benedict Modonia was the victim in the famous barrel case. He was stabbed to death and his body placed in a barrel several years ago at Avenue D and Eleventh street. It was said he was murdered by the Lupo gang of counterfeiters. Giovanni Modonia denies that he was related to the slain man.

"GIVE BACK MY SWITCH AND I'LL FORGIVE," SHE SAYS.

Can't Go to Work Without It, as Nobody Knew It Wasn't Her Own.

When Esther Leventhal, nineteen years old, of No. 236 West Thirteenth street, Coney Island, appeared before Magistrate Getman in the Coney Island Court today she offered to withdraw the charge of assault that she had preferred against Louis Solomon of No. 222 West Sixteenth street, if Mr. Solomon would return her switch. The young woman said that in the course of the row she and a friend had had with Solomon he had snatched her switch and she had failed to recover it.

"I have been unable to go to work since," she said, "so nobody knew that my switch wasn't my own. I shall have to stay home till I get a new one made or this man returns the one he dragged off my head."

Magistrate Getman adjourned the case to give Solomon time to return the switch.

Can't Find Shooting Fireman. Fireman Louis C. Perrone of Engine No. 7 failed to appear at Headquarters today to answer the charge of firing two shots at Fireman Robert O. Barnet of the same company during a fight at the company quarters, No. 10 Duane street, on June 18. Fire Headquarters was notified that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, but that he could not be found. The departmental hearing of the case was postponed.

Lure of the Diner-Out With a Coronet Told With Amazing Frankness by Nat Goodwin

In His Disclosure of Maxine Elliott's Ambitions the Comedian Shows a Whimsical but Questionable Humor.

Compares Her With Cleopatra, but "Antony Should Lose Like a Gentleman and Keep Still About It."

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"Why did you marry such a vulgar little person?" Nat Goodwin says a titled English man asked Maxine Elliott, third in the dynasty of Goodwin wives.

"Do you think him vulgar?" replied our imperturbable Juno. "Don't you think him rather amusing? One has to marry some one, you know." Mr. Goodwin reports that at the time he overheard this astounding colloquy, the house he had leased outside of London was filled with English guests and he was strolling on the upper porch terrace with the butler, discussing the menu that would appeal to the next influx of England's dilettante and incidentally debating ways and means of keeping up an establishment which, he says, cost him \$50,000 to begin with, \$15,000 yearly to maintain for ten weeks, and \$25,000 a year to get rid of.

It is certainly a very whimsical husband who is able to see the humorous side of a conversation such as Mr. Goodwin reports, but then, of course, it requires a distinctly unusual husband to write the intimate memoirs of his marriages, as Mr. Goodwin has undertaken to do.

"Why Beautiful Women Marry Nat Goodwin," is reported to be the title of the group of heart stories of the American comedian, who among modern men has come nearest to rivaling the marital achievements of Bluebeard and King Henry VIII. But neither Bluebeard nor bluff King Hal ever thought of making a comparative analysis of their several wives, so that while Mr. Goodwin has not yet equalled his medieval rival in the number of his spouses, he still leaves behind him for the future historian more personal and authoritative data concerning the quality of his wives. What could be more thorough than this cold-blooded summing up of Maxine Elliott's nature and ambition as Mr. Goodwin classifies them?

USED HUSBAND AS LADDER TO REACH HER GOAL.

"Here was the ambition of a Cleopatra. She used me as a ladder to reach her goal and found her crowning glory in the brilliant glare of a myriad of incandescent lights. She spied her name over the portals of a New York theatre."

"She was one of the cleverest women I ever met. Her dignity was that of a Joan of Arc; her demeanor Neridic in its assertive qualities, and yet with channels of emotion that manifested womanhood in the truest sense of the word."

Now quite often a man likes to call a woman a Cleopatra more because the comparison enables him to think of himself as an Antony than because she possesses the fire and the treachery of the famous "reptile of Old Nile." The role of Antony was, indeed, winning, and the role of Cleopatra, indeed, was a woman-loving, who lost the world for Egypt's queen, has an attraction for men—particularly for the man of his time.

But a familiarity with history should reconcile the modern Antony and Mr. Goodwin, if he likes himself in the role of a man. For every Cleopatra there is a Caesar, as well as an Antony. The original daughter of the Nile met two Caesars, winning the old and great Julius in her youth and failing to win the young and great Augustus in her middle age. But whenever a young Cleopatra meets an old or a young Caesar it's time for Antony to lose like a gentleman and keep still about it. The original Antony did, but, of course, death and the battle of Actium kept him from writing his memoirs, even if he had felt like discussing "Why Beautiful Women Fell for Me Antony."

HOW NAT WAS CONSOLED BY THE BUTLER.

I am sure we are all grateful to Mr. Goodwin for being less reticent, not only because the story of the efforts of Mrs. Goodwin (third of the name) to get into English society is extremely amusing, but because it may serve as a warning to other American husbands whose wives show similar symptoms of Anglophilia. Of course, if a decent American man has been induced to take a house in England and fill it with Englishmen of his wife's selection, he may be able to get some consolation from the society of the hostess, as Mr. Goodwin did. A few members of the British lower classes still believe in working for a living, and a self-respecting butler might furnish an agreeable relief to the crowd of needy snobs that gather about the American climber in England.

An American—even an American taken to a rather unphilosophical position in England. He may have taken all the degrees—Bachelor of Broadway, Master of Revery and all that sort of thing, and still have much to learn in the British Islands. He is apt to have the notion, for instance, that wives do not discuss their husbands with other men. He might have a crude transatlantic idea that a man who ate another's bread and yet spoke of him as a vulgar little person should be kicked out of the house—that is, if the self-respecting butler could be bribed to



kick him. He might be reassured by the prospect of killing his name with unwilling guests, and accustomed to the common sense and intelligence of the everyday man at home, he might be unprepared for the fine flower of British civility.

TITLED IDIOT WHO WON AN AMERICAN HEIRESS.

Once upon a time I met a British peer, an impoverished earl, who was in New York looking for a rich wife, and if a half-witted old count stood upon his tail and tail, I am sure it would give signs of greater intelligence than did that young man.

Yet he married a beautiful American girl who after a few years of misery had to surrender half her fortune to get rid of him—and her freedom was a bargain, too.

This young man was one of a type, a decadent, spineless, brainless species developed by the do-nothing life which has prevailed in Europe for so long. The American love marriages may have its aftermath of divorce, but it is a degree of the strength and integrity of the race. In England where for many centuries a certain variety of young man has married for a money and brought up his sons to follow in their father's footsteps, leisure and dissipation have produced—of course in a limited class—a degree of mental and moral ineptitude which we do not meet in this country outside of the aristocracy.

It was evidently with one of these extraordinary specimens that Mrs. Goodwin No. 13 (last) fell in love. Mr. Goodwin related the general proposition of whether or not her husband was a "vulgar little person." It is pleasing to know that she ventured to disagree or at least to doubt the British guest's characterization of his American host. But we must save them, their wet socks, glassware and their mirrors from threatened extinction. The men on post were notified to look out for the Gophers. Likewise all the available reserves and the preening staff detectives went forth upon the scout. But the Gophers were always just one saloon ahead of the purifiers and not until nearly 4 o'clock this morning were any of them definitely located.

By this time the gang had broken up into small individual parties. Brower, Lynch, Thompson and Moroghan, plain clothes men scouting together, saw four youths sliding into the side door of McGraw's saloon at the southeast corner of Thirty-sixth street and Ninth avenue. The detectives hurried across to investigate, but the barkeeper slammed the door in their faces and gave the bolts, barring them out. The remaining assistance in the name of the law, they were told that it was after midnight and the place was closed. Making snipers from within accompanied the statement.

The baffled policemen pretended to withdraw. Instead they slipped to the front and peeped through the window. They saw three of the four suspects passing heavy revolvers to each other, the barkeeper who was storing the weapons away under the counter. Having this evidence the waiters went back to the side entrance and forced their way in, surprising the four youths as they were in the act of stealing.

When the son was born Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin were living in South Dakota. The father wanted the boy to be named William, after himself, while Mrs. Goodwin contended that the infant should be christened Chester. This disagreement finally terminated in the divorce. A year ago the son offered a reconciliation. A new courtship was begun and the wedding followed.

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SLEUTHS CATCH GOPHER GUNMEN MAKING RAIDS

Saloonkeeper Nails One Man in Court as He Is About to Escape.

It was about midnight last night when word came by the telephone to the West Thirtieth street station that the cohorts of estimable youths known collectively as the Gopher gang were abroad in the middle West side. It would seem that these young gentlemen to the number of twelve or thirteen had started forth earlier in the evening for the express purpose of finding and destroying Messrs. Sullivan and Keegan, the reputed leaders of a rival gang which takes its name from Mr. Sullivan himself. Failing to encounter these two militant Gophers, he hit upon the congenial pastime of holding up barkeepers at the gun's point and getting drinks free of charge.

By one complaint uttered in until a dozen or more unhappy saloonkeepers were hectoring the police to come and save them, their wet socks, glassware and their mirrors from threatened extinction. The men on post were notified to look out for the Gophers. Likewise all the available reserves and the preening staff detectives went forth upon the scout. But the Gophers were always just one saloon ahead of the purifiers and not until nearly 4 o'clock this morning were any of them definitely located.

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ing down a rear entrance. The raiders likewise confiscated the revolvers—all heavy guns fully loaded.

In the West Side Court today Magistrate Kernahan held three of the prisoners—Joseph Hall, thirty years old, of No. 335 West Thirty-seventh street; Pat O'Brien, seventeen years old, of No. 47 Tenth avenue, and William Egan, nineteen years old, of No. 14 West Forty-first street, in bonds of \$200 each for Special Sessions on the charge of carrying concealed weapons. There was no proof that the fourth man, Edward Smith, of No. 415 East Thirty-sixth street, had told a revolver and the Magistrate let him go. But just as the freed youth reached the door a stranger who entered grappled with him and dragged him back, with the aid of a court officer.

This newcomer was John Foley, a saloonkeeper at Thirty-ninth street and Lexington avenue, who told the Magistrate that Smith was one of four men who last night entered his establishment and at the muzzle of their revolvers forced him to serve drinks to everybody in the place. So Magistrate Kernahan made Smith's bond \$2,000 for felonious assault and he went to the Tombs with the others.

ASSEMBLYMAN MISSING.

Wm. H. Hinnners of Bergen County, N. J., Disappeared a Week Ago.

Assemblyman William H. Hinnners of Bergen County, N. J., living at Cliffside, disappeared last Thursday after telling his wife he was going to Hackensack. Mrs. Hinnners says she knows of no reason why he left so strangely. She is wealthy in her own home. Assemblyman Hinnners was elected on the Democratic ticket last fall. He caused a legislative committee to be appointed to investigate the new million-dollar courthouse nearly completed in Hackensack. So far the expert auditors have found nothing on which to base an investigation and none has been started.

GOOD FLYING BY ARMY MEN.

Lieut. Arnold Has Altitude Record—Lieut. Milling Speedy.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—The army fliers engaged in the study of adaption at College Park, Md., near this city, are daily showing excellent results. The altitude record for the grounds has been achieved by Lieut. Arr. J. Almont every day, however, progress is shown and his mark of 2,000 feet may be beaten soon.

Lieut. Milling, speeding before a stiff wind, made seventy miles an hour at the 2,000 foot level. When he landed it was within twelve feet of his starting point. This was the best work shown in accuracy at finding the spot whence a start was made.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
J. C. F. Fitch.

One of the Vacation Luxuries
Take it along with you or purchase it from any of our Sales Agents

TO-NIGHT
Circus
WORK WHILE YOU SEE
MATERNITY DRESS
In all the latest styles and fashion, the very latest in Maternity Dress, at \$1.50. LANE BUREAU, 10 W. 39th St., 5th Fl.

RESCUES TWO FROM THE RIVER; THEN DROWNS

Brings Companions to Shore Safely, but Sinks Exhausted Beneath Water.

James Trevanno, forty years old, of No. 17 West One Hundredth street, was drowned at the foot of West Ninetieth street early today while making a heroic effort to rescue two companions who had been washed into deep water by the swell from a passing steamboat.

Rocco Trevanno, a brother of the drowned man, and James Marto, a friend, living at the same address, went in swimming shortly after midnight. Marto and Rocco Trevanno cannot swim, and they were sitting on a pile of rocks a little way out from the shore when the swell from the steamboat washed them off their perch and into deep water. They yelled and James Trevanno went to their rescue.

He managed to get his brother in safely and then went back for Marto. It was an exhausting struggle to wrench Marto from the grip of the tide, but he finally got him within reach of Policeman Day of the West One Hundredth Street station, who hauled him in. But the minute Trevanno let go of Marto he sank out of sight. His body was not recovered. The two men he had sacrificed his life for were taken to the J. Hood Wright Hospital, ministered to and sent home.

AUTO SPEEDERS FINED.

One Who Was Hurrying for a Doctor Set Free.

Five automobilists, arrested for speeding in the Peimam Parkway, were arraigned today before Magistrate O'Connor in the Westchester Court. All but one were fined \$5. The one discharged, Robert A. Joyce Jr., of No. 222 Madison avenue, said he was hurrying for a physician to attend his son who is ill.

Those fined were Evelyn Glantz, Greenwich, Conn.; Russell G. Colt, a broker of No. 60 Broadway, and residing at Larchmont; Henry Hartman of No. 134 West Forty-eighth street, and Samuel Gorta of No. 89 West One Hundredth and Fifth street.

Lisbon Denies Street Hinting. Lisbon, July 5.—The reports of fighting in the streets of Lisbon and elsewhere in Portugal between loyal troops and sympathizers with the monarchists are untrue.



TEN years ago we sold half the beer we do now because more people each year found out that we make the best beer they ever put to their lips.

PALE RIPE RHEINGOLD

Only \$1 a case—24 bottles—at all dealers, in Greater New York. Visitors to brewery welcome. S. Liebmans' Sons Brewing Co., Brooklyn.

CANDIES OF RARE QUALITY

STAYLER'S
One of the Vacation Luxuries
Take it along with you or purchase it from any of our Sales Agents

STAYLER'S
CANDIES
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
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A COWARDLY AND MALICIOUS ATTACK.

Sensational Disclosures of the Most Astonishing Nature Revealed by Detectives.

It has been proven by detectives who have made a most careful investigation that certain well-known druggists evidently were not content to employ the ordinary methods of deception, but have resorted to making the most contemptible, libelous statements in an attempt to discredit the world famous DeMiracle.

For the enlightenment of readers who may not be familiar with the tactics practiced from time to time by these unscrupulous dealers who are masquerading under the cloak of fair and honest dealings with the Public, it may be well to explain their method of attack.

In the beginning, they resorted to offering substitutes for DeMiracle. Then to making false statements that they could not procure it. Now to making libelous statements that lawsuits have been filed against us, and until they are settled it will be impossible to procure DeMiracle.

After all, if we wrote volumes, we could not put the situation in a clearer or more convincing light than it is expressed in the following verbatim reports of our detectives:

One report is as follows: DETECTIVE—"Let me have a bottle of DeMiracle." DRUGGIST—"They are not manufacturing it any longer. They have not put it up in six weeks or two months. Customers chased all over town to get it. We used up a large quantity that another store had." DETECTIVE—"I used to get it at a downtown store." DRUGGIST—"Well, it must have been against the Pure Food Law, or something like that. We have lots of others." DETECTIVE—"Where can I get it?" DRUGGIST—"I have not the least

idea. You might try, but I do not think you can get it."

Another report: DETECTIVE—"Let me have a bottle of DeMiracle." DRUGGIST—"DeMiracle is off the market. They are having a lawsuit and until it is settled it will be kept off the market." DETECTIVE—"Where can I get it?" DRUGGIST—"If I did know, I would have gotten some for my customers as I had 15 or 16 paid orders for the preparation, but had to refund on them. I sent my boy all over for DeMiracle, but could not get any. We have a preparation of our own."

It is evident from the foregoing reports and those which we will publish from time to time that these drug stores propose to resort to any dishonorable means, no matter how low, with the hope that it may prejudice the public against DeMiracle.

Would it not be safer to patronize dealers who do not employ such despicable business methods? There are a number of such in New York who will not try to sell you their own preparation, or some other worthless substitute under another label, merely for a few cents more profit. Among them are R. H. Macy & Co., Lord & Taylor, Simpson Crawford Co., J. R. Senior, Bloomingdale Bros., Stern Bros., John Daniel Sons, L. M. Blumenthal, 14th Street Store, and Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn.

If you have not read our 52-page booklet, write for it. It will be mailed securely sealed in plain envelope. If your dealer refuses to supply you, send the price to us direct, and DeMiracle will be mailed in plain sealed wrapper. DeMiracle Chemical Co., Park Ave., 129th Street, New York City.

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